

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

Ave.

Full well I know the frozen hand has come
That smite—the songs of grove and garden
dumb,
And chills sad autumn's last chrysanthemum:

Yet would I find one blossom, if I might,
Ere the dark loom that weaves the robes of
white
Hides all the wrecks of summer out of sight.

Sometimes in dim November's narrowing day,
When all the season's pride has passed away,
As mid the blackened stems and leaves we stray,

We spy the sheltered nook or rocky cleft
A starry dike the hurrying winds have left,
Of all its blooming sisterhood bereft:

Some panny, with its wondering baby eyes—
Poor wayside nursing—fixed in blank surprise
At the rough welcome of unfriendly skies.

Or golden daisy—will it dare disclaim
The lion's tooth, to wear this gentle name?
Or blood-red salvia, with its lips aflame.

The storms have stripped the lily and the rose,
Still on its cheek the flush of summer grows,
And all its heart-leaves kindle as it blows.

So had I looked some bud or song to find
The careless winds of autumn left behind,
With these of earlier seasons' growth to bind,

Ah me! my skies are dark with sudden grief,
When all the season's pride has passed away,
Yet let the sunshine gild this virgin leaf.

The joyous, blessed sunshine of the past,
Still with me, though the heavens are over-
cast—
The light that shines while life and memory
last.

Go, pictured rhymer, for loving readers meant,
Bring back the smiles your jocund morning
lent,
And warm their hearts with sunbeams yet un-
spent!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

STORY TELLER.

"Am I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

"Oh, Stella! Have you seen Mrs. Duncan's nephew, who has just arrived from the city? We had an introduction to him this afternoon, and I tell you he is just as handsome and stylish as he can be; he is so different from the boys of this poky town.

Here Gertrude Lovejoy stopped for want of breath. This gave her quieter cousin Grace an opportunity to say "Good afternoon."

Stella Palmer was seated in a low chair before the glowing grate, in her mother's pleasant sitting-room, so absorbed in the book she was reading that she scarcely noticed the entrance of her two friends, until aroused by the voluble Gertrude. As she rose to greet them, she said laughingly: "What a breeze you always bring with you, Gertrude! Now please tell me again what it is all about?"

Gertrude repeated her story with many expressive gestures, adding: "He will stay till after the holidays, and Mrs. Duncan hopes we will all try to make it pleasant for him."

"I hope we shall find the pleasure mutual," returned Stella. "I have no great liking for fops."

"I don't see why you should call him a fop, just because he dresses nicely, and is genteel!" exclaimed Grace.

"So you are his champion, too," laughed Stella. "Well, we can all judge better of him when we know him better."

After bidding her guests good-by, Stella stood for a moment on the piazza, watching them. As they reached the gate, a young man coming up the street passed them. He gracefully raised his hat and bowed, then glanced admiringly at Stella. Her face flushed, whether with vexation or pleasure she hardly knew.

Entering the house, she exclaimed: "He is handsome! I wonder what he will think of us and our old-fashioned ways."

Meanwhile, the young exquisite was saying to himself: "What a beauty. That must be Judge Palmer's daughter. I think Aunt said her name was Stella—Stella, a star. I'll try to induce her to illumine this poky old town for me while I stay."

Stella Palmer was indeed beautiful, not only in face and figure, but also in character. She had been tenderly reared by parents who lived to be good and do good; and the home where she had spent her entire life was of the purest, noblest type. The great world, with its trials and temptations, lay all untried before her.

That evening at the tea-table, Rob, the oldest boy, said: "Mrs. Duncan told me to remind you, Stella, that they meet to-morrow evening to practice the music for the Christmas Festival."

"That'll suit her!" cried mischievously Hal, "because she and Myron sing duets together so nicely."

"Do you think you are teasing any one?" inquired Stella, innocently. "Oh, no! Certainly not! No indication of it at all," said Hal, looking significantly at her flushed cheeks, while the quiet smile on the faces of her parents added not a little to her discomfort.

Myron Turner was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. His father died before his remembrance, and of his life and character he knew almost nothing. Once, only, had he heard his mother speak of him, and then it was in answer to his inquiry: "Of what did my father die?" He never forgot the look of intense suffering on his mother's face as she answered: "My son, your father died from the effects of strong drink. Oh, promise me faithfully, that you will never touch nor taste the accursed stuff!" The promise was readily given, and the widow's heart had never had cause for other than comfort in her son. This was his last year in school, and he expected then to be employed by Grey & Smith as a clerk in their store, a position he had filled acceptably during vacations for some time, thus increasing his mother's scanty income.

They lived in a small cottage a few doors up the street from Judge Palmer's, and as he and Stella were classmates and members of the same church choir, they naturally had many interests in common. Myron had often called to accompany Stella to rehearsal, concert or lecture, during the past year, and Judge Palmer had remarked to his wife: "There is not a young man in town I would rather trust her with. He promises well for a useful future."

The next evening a score or more gathered at the rehearsal, with Mrs. Duncan as leader. Her nephew accompanied her, though declining to take part. She introduced him as "Mr. Gerald Allen, my nephew from the city," and he bowed with easy grace to all, but lingered near Stella's side, talking commonplace, till Mrs. Duncan tapped for silence.

A half hour had passed, when "Mr. Turner, you sounded G instead of F," said Mrs. Duncan, suddenly stopping the organ in the middle of the duet which Myron and Stella were practicing.

"Did I? Then let us try it again," said he, pleasantly, though his face flushed a little.

The next time he miscelled words and made mistakes in time. His face grew more heated as he noticed the impatient look on Stella's face, and the amused smile which curved the lips of the young city swell. They tried it several times without improvement, then Myron sat down in confusion, and said he would master it before another rehearsal.

Stella was much mortified, but covered it as well as she could, and chatted gaily with Gerald Allen, while putting on her cloak and hood. Myron joined her, and after they had walked part of the way home, she fell into an abstracted silence, which lasted till they reached her father's gate.

Then Myron said: "I am sorry I made such a failure to-night. I don't see what possessed me."

"I don't think there is any need of making mistakes in anything so simple as that was," said Stella; and with a cold good-night, she walked quickly up the path.

Myron watched her with a pained, stunted look on his face, until she had disappeared in the house, then turned slowly homeward. "She never spoke to me like that before," thought he.

"Gerald Allen's sarcastic smile is the cause," and his love and respect for that young man did not increase the thought.

Sleigh rides and socials made the weeks between Christmas and New Year's very enjoyable to the young people of Wilton. The crowning pleasure, however, in the minds of all, was a good sleigh ride and supper, to be given by Gerald Allen, on New Year's eve. His plan was to hire a sleigh, large enough to carry his whole party of twenty, and a driver to manage the four spirited horses. They were to go to the town of Bently, eight miles distant, have supper at the principal hotel, and after a social, return in time to usher in New Year's in their own town.

Gerald asked Stella to accompany him that evening, but her mother had counseled her to decide in favor of Myron, not being very well pleased with Gerald's appearance. Stella thought to herself, "Never mind; I can go with him, but that need not prevent me from enjoying myself with Mr. Allen," and her cheeks took on a deeper glow, as she thought how much

he had engrossed her thoughts the past week or two, and how well acquainted they seemed to be. Slight twinges of conscience had, at times, tormented her as she noticed Myron's downcast looks, but she had resolutely smothered them in the excitement of the moment.

New Year's eve was terribly cold, and many anxious mothers were undecided about the ride; but the young folks protested that they were not afraid, and Gerald provided liberal wrappings, so they were overpersuaded.

As Mrs. Judge Palmer kissed her daughter good-by, she took the fresh, young face between her hands, and for a moment looked penetratingly into her eyes. "I hope my darling will enjoy herself, and do right in all things to night," she said.

"Never fear, dear mother," Stella answered lightly, as she ran down the steps.

The night was clear, with a full moon, the sleighing perfect, and the chiming bells, mingled with the happy laughter of the merry party, made the ride all that could be desired, though none were sorry to gather around the warm fires in the hotel parlors at Bently. The young people could not but notice the deference with which Gerald Allen was treated by the landlord and his lackeys; a court which they learned in after life is always paid to money by a certain class. By the time they were thoroughly warmed, and somewhat rested from the fatigue of their cramped position while riding, supper was announced.

They were soon seated at a table fairly glowing with tempting viands, but the guests noticed at each one's plate a tiny wine glass, and a shadow of dismay clouded more than one bright face. It was soon dispelled, however, by the brilliant spirit of the host, who had chosen to devote himself to all alike, that evening, and who certainly exerted himself to make his party enjoyable. When the good things had been duly discussed, Gerald said: "Taylor, bring in the wine! and mind you have it rightly tempered!" Nothing but spice current wine, to keep them warm for the home ride, Gerald assured them.

At the moment it did seem harmless and they all, with one exception, either sipped a little, or drained their glasses; Myron Turner left his untasted!

Gerald noticed this, and an evil light gleamed in his eyes as he thought, "Oh! my fine fellow! This is your weak point, is it?" while he said aloud in his smoothest voice: "Mr. Turner, I see, refuses his wine. Is it not spiced to suit you?"

"I have not tasted it; I never drink wine," Myron returned.

"One of our good temperance persons I presume," said Gerald, with a sneer, which turned all eyes upon Myron.

"Oh, that is not it, cried Gertrude Lovejoy, who knew the life of Myron's father, "he doesn't dare."

Gerald laughed mockingly, and it was echoed by most of the company excepting Myron and Stella.

Stella's face burned with confusion and annoyance, as she whispered to Myron: "Don't make yourself so peculiar; you certainly are not weak enough to let one glass of wine affect you."

He instantly raised the glass and drank its contents, though his hand shook, and his face grew deathly pale, even to his lips.

Soon the little ripple of excitement caused by this scene died away, and the party busied themselves with the candy and nuts; but Stella noticed with some uneasiness, that Myron slyly helped himself to another glass of wine from the decanter which stood near. Later in the evening, while playing the piano for others to sing, one of the girls whispered to her: "Myron is out in the dining-room drinking more wine. I saw him just now as I passed the door, when I was coming from the dressing-room."

Stella slipped away, as soon as she could unobserved, and entering the dining-room she saw Myron sitting at the table just putting down an empty glass. One glance showed her that he was drunk, drunk on spiced wine. For a moment she stood rooted to the spot, as if fascinated by the unusual sight, then she half-turned as if to go out of the room; but with the overwhelming sense of shame and disgust, came also the thought of the great temptation, and of her own part in it, and changing her mind, she went up to him and said: "Come with me, Myron." He rose obediently, and with difficulty she succeeded in getting him from the room into the back part of the hall, where she seated him in a

chair, so that the shadows might effectually hide him.

Turning toward the parlor she encountered Gerald, and obeying a sudden impulse, she told him, briefly, what had happened, and begged him to help her.

This he readily consented to, and assured her that she should be so disgraced. They agreed that the party should start immediately for home, Gerald said that, while the others were getting ready in the cloak room above, he would put on Myron's overcoat and hat, and get him into the sleigh, unobserved. But just as he was opening the door, some of the boys entered the hall from a door near, and one of them cried: "Halloo Myron! Where have you been all this time?"

"Alloo yourself! Been having a good time. 'Rah for Fourth of July!' and he began to flourish his arms, and stagger.

"He's drunk," whispered the boys, in painful astonishment.

Stella entered in time to catch the whisper, and as Myron was stumbling into the sleigh, assisted by Gerald, she stood by his side.

"I am very sorry, Miss Palmer, that this should have happened," said Gerald, though she would have doubted it, could she have seen the smile on his lips; "but," he added, "we could scarcely have concealed it, anyway."

"That is so," said she, sorrowfully.

As the others began to come toward the sleigh in twos and threes, he said: "Will you put yourself in my care for the ride? Mr. Turner is now hardly a fit companion for you."

With a shuddering glance at poor Myron, she answered, "Yes."

And thus, Myron at the back, Gerald and Stella next, and the rest seated promiscuously, they started for Wilton.

Many remember that New Year's Eve of 18—, and many are the tales of death, both of men and beasts, that are still told. The sleigh seemed turned to bright spots of ice, and the stinging air seemed to congeal all it encompassed, chilling even the warmest blood.

The events of the evening, together with the bitter cold, completely sobered the merry party. Soon the silence was only broken by anxious inquiries as to the distance traveled, the state of fingers, noses, etc., and by the time they reached the half-way house, even these had ceased, and the tingling bells alone told of life and motion.

At length the lights of Wilton became visible, suggesting warmth and comfort to the half-frozen pleasure-seekers.

The sleigh was quickly emptied of its occupants, who, without exception, found anxious parents and warm fires awaiting them.

As Stella stepped from the sleigh at her father's gate, she thought to herself: "Maybe the cold has sobered Myron," and she bade him good-night, in a conciliating tone. He did not return it, and pressing her lips more firmly together with displeasure at this added insult, she walked with Gerald to the door.

The first day of the new year broke clear and still, waking the sleeping inhabitants of Wilton into cheerful life and activity in spite of the cold, and making the curling smoke, which soon rose from the chimneys, blush into rosy wreaths as it ascended skyward.

Stella awoke with a strange sense of oppression, and dread which deepened as the church bell began tolling for the dead. "A man, and twenty years old!" said she as the last note died away on the frosty air; "who can it be?"

Rising, and hastily dressing, she joined the family in the dining-room, where she found her mother seated by the fire quietly crying, while her father, pale and grave, was sitting at the breakfast table, talking in subdued tones to the boys, who tried in vain to suppress their emotion.

In answer to her startled glance of inquiry, her mother placed her arm around her, and seated her near the fire; then tenderly taking her hand, she said: "My daughter must try to be calm. Myron died last night."

With a cry of anguish, Stella's overwrought nerves gave way, and she fell unconscious into her mother's arms.

Hours afterwards, when she had grown calmer, she heard from her mother's lips the account of the sad ending of the bright young life.

Upon reaching the widow's door, Myron had made no move to alight.

"We must carry him in," said Gerald. "He's still drunk."

So saying they gathered about him, and lifted him from the sleigh.

"My God, he's dead!" cried one, noting the stiffness of his body. "Nonsense," said Gerald, though his face blanched at the thought.

They carried him into his mother's little, fire-lit sitting room, and laid him on the couch, and as the light fell on his face, it did not need the widow's piercing shriek to tell them that he was indeed a corpse, a frozen lump of clay.

A doctor was hastily summoned, but he found him past all hope of recovery.

Judge Palmer and his wife, learning the sad news, had spent the latter part of the night ministering to the afflicted mother, and kind friends were now in attendance doing all they could to lighten her sorrow.

Stella listened to the sad story, the words of which seemed to stamp themselves on her soul like letters of fire, while she could almost feel the brand of Cain on her brow. She said nothing then to her mother, of her own part in the terrible tragedy. But, alone with her God, as she lay in her darkened chamber that New Year's Day, she confessed herself guilty of Myron Turner's death, inasmuch as she had caused him to drink the first glass, and the fire thus kindled had burned itself out with his young life.

The halo which her imagination had thrown around Gerald Allen, fell away as "filthy rags," in the light of this dreadful experience, and his true character stood revealed in all its emptiness and worthlessness.

Contrasted with this, was Myron's hitherto spotless character, and she felt a just God would judge the one more leniently than the other. She thought of the looks of pain she had seen on Myron's face so many times during the past few days, and in the anguish of her first great trouble and remorse, she prayed for death.

At length, forgiveness of God was asked for and obtained; and with the peace which was then granted her, came a new revelation of her responsibilities in life, and her vow to make her future life atone, as far as possible, for her great sin, was registered in heaven, and the world well knew it was faithfully kept.

The early violets had scarcely begun to bloom, when a fresh mound of earth marked the widow's last resting-place. Her last days were brightened by Stella, who nursed her tenderly to the end, and herself pressed the white lids forever over the troubled eyes.

In after years Stella became the wife of a respected merchant, who lived in the same city where Gerald resided. Her brothers ever found in her home a safe refuge from the many snares and temptations which beset young men, on every hand, in the cities. "She was a strong advocate of temperance in its strictest sense, and 'as radical as Mrs. Macy,' became quite a common expression among her acquaintances.

As for Gerald Allen, he took the first train for the city that New Year's Day, as he found the tide of public opinion at Wilton suddenly setting strongly against him. He lived and died a moderate drinker, thus by his extended influence ruining more lives than had he died a drunkard.

NAMES THAT MISLEAD.

The Providence Journal, calls attention to some curiosities of misnomer. Black lead is not lead at all, but a compound of carbon and a small quantity of iron. Brazilian grass was never in Brazil, and is not grass; it is nothing but strips of palm leaf. Burgundy pitch is not pitch, and does not come from Burgundy; the greater part of it is resin and palm-oil. Catgut is made from the entrails of sheep. Cuttle-bone is not bone, but a kind of chalk once enclosed in the fossil remains of extinct species of cuttle-fish. German silver was not invented in Germany, and does not contain a particle of silver. Cleopatra's Needle was not erected by the Egyptian queen, nor in her honor. Pompey's pillar had no historical connection with Pompey in any way. Sealing-wax does not contain a particle of wax, but is composed of Venice turpentine, shellac and cinnabar. The tuberos is no rose, but a species of polianthes. Turkish baths did not originate in Turkey, and are not baths, but heated chambers. Whale bone is not bone, and is said not to possess a single property bone.

A DREAM OF DELIRIUM.

I am lost, lost in the heart of Africa.

A dense forest stretches out on either hand, stately trees cast a sombre shadow even at midday, whilst the weird whistling of the wind seems like the wail of departed spirits.

The moon shed an uncertain light, momentarily obscured by flying clouds. As I wander on, the air grows thick with murky vapors. Noisome birds of prey float heavily through the gathering gloom. A broad river flows deep and black twist banks margined with the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics, and ever and anon a strange phosphorescent gleams flash athwart its inky waters.

My blood runs cold. A vague, creeping horror takes possession of my senses. What is that! Do I dream! What mean those gibbering cries, those inarticulate mutterings borne on the wind!

Distorted faces with eyes of flame glower from behind the gnarled trunks of hoary cedars, whose twisted branches seem to writhe as if in agony. I turn to fly, but horrid shapes, whose wan and livid features bear the stamp of death, steal behind me with noiseless footsteps, whispering in my ear words in an unknown tongue. Their snaky fingers clutch my garments, my brain reels, thorns pierce my flesh, creeping vines, as tho' endowed with life, twine round my feet and retard my progress. Wild beasts, with glittering eyes, stealthily glide among the shadows while loathsome serpents drag their slimy lengths across my path. Still I dash onward, ever onward—I will escape them yet! But the fiends are close upon my track, my tottering limbs can go no further, I sink exhausted. With shrieks of demoniac laughter, they seize me, and with clammy fingers clutching my throat and twined in my matted locks, they hurry me on to the brink of a rocky chasm. I shrink back in agony, I struggle in vain, I beg for mercy. Most I perish thus! But those malignant features fix up with unholy fires, know not pity. They mock at my despair. In an instant I am cast far out in an abyss which is bottomless. Their fiendish gibes die away on my ear, growing fainter and fainter as I sink down, down, clutching wildly at the empty air, ever sinking down! down! down!!!

"I say, Jim, it strikes me that you took quite a tumble in the last act. Did you ever get to the bottom of that hole?" remarked my friend, Sydney Morgan, as he poured out a liberal nip of old cognac. "Sydney," said I solemnly, "of course, I was never lost in Africa, nor did I ever have the misfortune to meet the very eccentric and disagreeable parties described. But about eight years ago I had an attack of delirium tremens, and the fantastic experience which I have attempted to detail, was as vividly real to me, as if it had actually occurred. The impression it made upon my mind will never be effaced. And now you know why I never drink."

The custom of touching glasses, prior to drinking healths, almost universally prevalent, is traced back to the medieval banquets of Germany to the custom to pass a "loving cup" from hand to hand. This gradually necessitated that the cup should be of enormous size, but finally smaller cups were adopted and the old custom was conformed to by the drinkers touching their glasses before drinking. The Saxons passed around a large cup from which each guest drank. Who thus drank stood up, and, as he lifted up the cup with both hands, his body was exposed without any defense to a blow, and the occasion was often seized by an enemy to murder him. To prevent this the following plan was adopted. When one of the company stood up to drink, he required the companion who sat next to him to be his pledge—that is, to be responsible for protecting him against anybody who should attempt to take advantage of his defenseless position. This companion stood up also and raised the drawn sword in his hand to defend the drinker while drinking. This practice, in a somewhat altered form, continued long after the condition of society had ceased to require it, and was the origin of the modern practice of pledging by drinking.

The skillful class of flatters praise the discourse of the ignorant and the face of the deformed friend.—Juvenal.

Young Man, Learn a Trade.

During a conversation with a foreman of a large manufacturing company, he said incidentally: "We have had no apprentices in two years," and in reply to my interrogation, said that American parents are more desirous of their sons learning to despise labor, than to adorn it. Looking the matter over carefully, I have reached the conclusion that he is right. It is a pity. Young man, look forward a few years. You have good homes today, and homes where every comfort possible to have is in your grasp. You do not appreciate these things. They come to you without effort, they are retained to without effort on your part, and you permit yourself to slide along on the greased pole of confidence. In the ability of your parents to provide. Did you ever think that money, sometimes, yes, often, takes wings? Well, it does: it goes in the twinkling of an eye, sometimes, and then your father has to work, and you, if you have anything in your composition and make up which has the appearance of a man, will go to work to help out your father. Now, if you had learned a trade you would not be obliged to search for six dollar positions as clerk, but could step into places that are waiting for just such men as you might be at a fair salary.

Suppose you put on an old suit of clothes and go down to the machine shop or the factory or the printing office, and commence at the bottom round and work up. There will be boys there that will laugh at your white skin and delicate looks, and yet secretly they will admire you for having the good sense to do what you ought to do.

GOLD WATCH BOY.

An Auger to Bore a Square Hole.

The first and only auger ever manufactured that will bore a square hole is now in the shops of the Cleveland Machine Company. The auger bores a two-inch square hole, the size used in ordinary frame buildings and barns, but they can be made on the same principle to bore square holes of any size. Its application is ordinary, and works on the same principle as round hole augers. Its end, instead of having screw or bit, has a cam motion which oscillates a steel rocking knife which cuts on both sides. In order to prevent the splintering of the wood the ends of the cutter are provided with small semicircular shaped saws which help in cutting out perfect square corners. It is estimated that this new process will save the labor of three men who work with chisels, as one man can conveniently cut a two-inch mortice in the same length of time he can bore a round hole. The invention is the work of a Wooster man, who has given the subject years of patient thought.—Cleveland Herald.

Philosophy in Small Chunks.

Liar is the greatest sticklers for truth—in others.

It is impossible to make up in hatred what you lack in brains.

Too many of the young men of the day need guardians and not wives.

No matter how full the ear, it is human nature to want a few more grains on the cob.

The hiss of a goose and the words of a fool never pass for more than their par or value.

It is difficulty to know where to look for dignity when one sees a Senator run a block to hear a circus band.—Puck.

A Georgia farmer sold some fine beef not long since to several families. The next morning the several households had steak for breakfast, and the several ladies were asked why they put so much onions with the beef. Each one denied the charge in toto, and the cooks were hauled up for an investigation. The latter said they "knew nothing about the ingers." It was afterwards ascertained that the cattle of this farmer had been feeding in a pasture where wild onions grew in great abundance.

Said the bridegroom who didn't wish to either offend his bride or die of internal disturbance: "My dear, this bread looks so delicious, but it is the first you have ever made. I cannot think of eating it, but will preserve it to show to our children in after years as a sample of their mother's skill and deftness."

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

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In his sermon at St. Ann's Church, Sunday last, Rev. Mr. Chamberlain struck a sledge-hammer blow at Ingersolism. He told the congregation, in the sign language, some of the reasons why he believed in Christ. Silence is a most effective weapon against slander, whether the slandered one be man or man's Redeemer. But the silence which Rev. Mr. Chamberlain indulged in was a silence that spoke—a silence that was thrilling and convincing, that demonstrated the existence of a Supreme Power in all things, that taught to his hearers the wonderful scope and exercise of God's love and mercy. It was a good sermon, and was followed throughout with the most intense interest.

Some of our subscribers are in the habit of sending postal notes and post-office money orders to us without giving any clue to their identity other than can be gathered from the post-mark on the envelope. In the case of money orders, we can very often find out the name of the sender by inquiring at the post-office, but it is almost impossible to ferret out the anonymous consignee of a postal note. During the past week, three such missives have been received, and if those who posted them fail to receive prompt acknowledgment, they have only themselves to blame.

We have received the Annual Report of the Philadelphia Institution for the year 1884. During the year, great and important changes have occurred in the personnel of the Institution. Mr. Joshua Foster, after a faithful service of half a century, most of the time as Principal, was honorably retired; Mr. Benjamin Pettingell, Mr. Foster's life-long associate and friend, after forty-five years of active service as teacher, relinquished his duties at the same time. The Matron, Miss Gertrude Kirby, who was connected with the Institution for thirty-five years, and Mr. David J. Stephenson, thirty years in service, eighteen as steward, were also honorably retired. The vacancies were filled with care and a view to continuing the efficiency of the respective positions. The unsatisfactory condition of the Branch of Oral Instruction, caused a change in the management of that school, Miss Emma J. Ely supplanting Miss Garrett. Principal Crouter's report is concise and thorough. He comments on the changes made and reviews the system of instruction pursued. The attendance aggregated 332—186 boys and 146 girls. There is also a tabulated statement of the causes of deafness, and intelligent references to the industrial instruction and the sanitary condition of the institution.

The Twenty-Second Biennial Report of the Illinois Institution is an important and instructive document. The institution has within its walls the largest number of pupils of any institution of like character in the world. The attendance averaged over five hundred. The report of the Superintendent, Dr. P. G. Gillett, discusses the varied methods of instruction in a conservative vein; refutes the theory that deaf-mute intermarriages have a tendency to perpetuate the infliction of deafness; champions the "cottage" plan of deaf-mute institutions, in advocating the erection of another institution, which is made imperative by the crowded condition and limited capacity of the Illinois School. Altogether, the report will amply repay the reader for the time spent in its perusal.

ITEMIZER.

News From Every State in the Union.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent to: *The Itemizer*.

The wife of Mr. Abraham Stein gave birth to a girl baby, on Thursday morning, March 19th.

The combined service conducted by Rev. Messrs. Schorr and Mann, at St. Stephen's Church, McKeesport, Pa., was quite largely attended.

At Trinity Church, Pittsburg, on Sunday, March 15th, Rev. Mr. Mann baptized an adult deaf-mute, and Bishop Whitehead confirmed two deaf-mute men.

A new German society of deaf-mutes has been started in New York. Henry Hoevel is its president. It has seven or eight members, and meets once a month.

Edwin W. L. North died of consumption, at the residence of his brother, in Philadelphia, on Wednesday, March 18th, after a prolonged illness. He was buried on Saturday, March 21st.

Joseph Simmons, a son of the colored deaf-mute couple well known by mute New Yorkers, enlisted as an apprentice in the U. S. Navy, two weeks ago, and has gone to Newport, R. I.

M. W. Mayer, of Waterbury, Ct., does not believe that Paddy Bue, the Scranton mute, put up a 125 lb. dumb-bell thirty times. He is willing to bet a 50 lb. or a 100 lb. dumb-bell against Bue at any time.

John A. Edmonds, of South Bethlehem, Pa., won a ten-hour roller skating race, at the University rink, at that place, making over 110 miles, the second man being six miles in the rear. The race was for a purse of \$50.

Mrs. Annie K. Aronson, of San Francisco, receives a large number of callers every week. She expects to go to Ukiah City, California, to visit her sister-in-law, Mary Hyman, about the middle of next May. She will be accompanied by Miss Rachel Aronson.

The Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, rector of St. Ann's Church in Eighteenth street, which is called "a free church for the people, with a special mission to deaf-mutes," makes an appeal for subscriptions to enable the church to rid itself of an oppressive debt of \$23,000.—*N. Y. Sun*, March 23.

Three deaf-mute ladies and three gentlemen, enjoyed a sermon by Rev. H. W. Syle, at St. Andrew's Church, Wilmington, Del., on the evening of the 8th inst. Mr. Syle informed them by letter of his intended visit. He also promised to hold services in Wilmington once a month.

Miss Effie L. Parker, of Erie, Pa., writes:—"Have just received a pamphlet of the proceedings of the first and second Conventions of the Pennsylvania Deaf-Mute Association. For it I thank those who thought of sending it to me. It has most interesting reading matter. How kind of Robbie Ziegler to organize the first Convention of the Pennsylvania Deaf-Mutes ever held. I took much interest in reading the oration of John Carlo, Esq. I noticed the day school for the deaf children at Erie, Pa., in it. Oh, no; there is not to-day. It broke up nearly two years ago. More than a dozen of the deaf children there are in Erie under age of four to twenty. Two deaf elderly ladies there had never been educated. One of the deaf boys went to the National Deaf-Mute College, expecting to enter last fall, but he met with failure, and was obliged to enter the Columbia Institution for the deaf-mutes. 'Our Little World' just reached me, for which please accept my sincere thanks. I enjoy reading it very much. It really contains much good news of the Pennsylvania Institution for deaf and dumb. I think it good for the girls to learn cooking and other work before leaving school."

Reading by Deaf-Mutes.

The first deaf-mute taught to speak in America, Enoch Whipple, sixty years old, will read and speak in Plymouth Church lecture room this evening. A little boy totally deaf from birth will recite the Twenty-third Psalm and Lord's Prayer. N. F. Whipple will illustrate and explain the system of teaching articulation to the deaf and dumb.—*N. Y. World*, March 24.

Excuse of a Deaf-Mute.

John Cleary, a deaf-mute, was found in Ludlow street unable to take care of himself on Saturday night. Yesterday morning on being arraigned before Justice Welde he was very penitent, and handed up the following note to the Judge:

"Honorable the Judge. Please excuse me that I was drunk last night, because I talked too much about many beggars who asked me for their lodging and living. However, I am a very hard worker and cheerful man to all poor at hard times. I can't help myself for many friends of mine without work. Please discharged me immediately at once."

Justice Welde recognized the man as having been arrested before, and wrote him a note of inquiry to see whether he would tell the truth about it. Cleary then wrote:

"I am a sponger of cloths. If I would be sent to the Island my boss will discharge me, as I will get another job. Please leave me with God."

Justice Welde fined Mr. Cleary \$5.—*N. Y. Sun*, Mar. 23.

Mr. Cleveland Drops Into Slang.

A story is told of a very deaf Philadelphiaian who called on Mr. Cleveland soon after the election. He had heard about the influence Mr. Gorman, of Baltimore, had over Mr. Cleveland, and he called to warn him against "that crowd." He went into details to show him what a hard lot the Baltimoreans were, and appeared to know them all intimately. The Governor listened with all his ears, occasionally yelling "Yes!" or "No!" into the horn of the visitor's ear trumpet, and never suggesting that he had about enough of it. Presently Col. Lamont, who had been sympathizing with his chief, had occasion to leave the room. As he passed in the rear of the Governor his Excellency still seemed intent on the old man's recital, never taking his eyes from his face, but as the private secretary got directly behind him he heard the familiar voice say in a wearisome aside: "Dan, this is the worst racket I ever struck." But the visitor was innocent of all suspicion, and Cleveland listened patiently till he finished.—*Philadelphia Telegram*.

John Lounsbury, of Brooklyn, is rejoicing over the birth of a little boy, which occurred on March 5th.

Mrs. A. L. Reighart, of New Albany, Ind., is being visited by her cousin at Hinsdale, about 20 miles from Chicago.

Messrs. W. D. Munger, R. D. Livingstone, M. W. Seaman and I. Beach, of Connecticut, were seen promenading on Broadway last Tuesday.

Mr. Joseph C. Devlin, of Shelton, Pa., was in Duncaunon, Pa., to see the rolling mill and nail factory and had the pleasure of meeting Mr. John Gray, wife, and Miss M. Gray. Later Mr. John Gray's friend asked him if he would like to have a good hunting dog as a present. He said that there would be no use for him to keep the dog, and he did not know how to carry a gun.

THE EXTRA FIEND.

We all know him, the long-mouthed, howling newshoy, who makes night hideous by shouting "Extra" when there is no extra, and assailing our ears with weird suggestions of murder most foul, confagurations and thrilling accidents. When we buy the paper to investigate we find it at least three days old. We present as a supplement a quaint conceit of our artist, Mr. J. F. J. Treach. Unfortunately for our peace of mind, the cartoon, while striking, is not true. We all wish that the "Extra Fiend" was in just the condition represented by Mr. Treach. But he remains a very live and very disagreeable fact.—*New York Journalist*.

An American Mute Artist.

Mr. Humphrey Moore, the distinguished American painter, left Paris last night, accompanied by his wife, for a two months' sojourn in Spain. During most of the time Mr. Moore will occupy the studio of Senor Madraro, the eminent Spanish artist, father of M. Madraro of this city, and of Mme. Fortuny, who is now in Madrid. Yesterday afternoon the Princess Nathalie visited Mr. Moore's studio to look at the pictures which he has just finished for Mr. Crocker, of San Francisco. These two works—one of them is a Japanese, the other a Spanish subject—have already been described in the *Morning News*. Both are masterpieces of color and composition, and the figures, miniature all of them, are quite equal, if not superior, to anything by modern French painters.

"I envy Mr. Crocker his possession of these remarkably fine pictures," said the Princess. Her Imperial Highness was enthusiastic in her praise. It was interesting to see her communicating her thoughts and impressions to Mr. Moore, who is both deaf and dumb, with the aid of pencil and paper. The Princess remained at the studio for nearly two hours.—*London News*.

MARRIED.

ARONSON—ROESLER.—In San Francisco, California, February 16th, by Rev. C. D. Barrows, D.D., Miss Annie K. Roessler was married to Mr. Moses I. Aronson, both deaf-mutes of San Francisco.

Rome, N. Y.

Monday last, the eclipse of the sun created quite an excitement among the pupils here. Before the time appointed for the eclipse, many of them had provided themselves with smoked glasses. Only two were so fortunate as to see it disappear at 2:49.

Last Saturday Mr. Benedict failed to deliver his lecture on some account, so M. M. Taylor gave an interesting sketch of the effect of alcohol on the stomach and other organs; M. Minkie gave some sound advice on rheumatism, colds, wounds, etc.; and Miss C. Shultz told the story of "Making his way," and so ended the exercises.

George and Lizzie Stewart, and Minnie Wolfe, who went home to stay over Sunday, returned to school promptly on Monday following.

Henry Gardiner, who went home last week, returned to his studies Wednesday last. Noticing that he looked brighter, we think that his father's selling the hotel which he owned was the cause.

There is a prize offered for the first observer of a robin. Hope the winner will be honest.

Ella M. Evans received a visit from her brother, Pierre, Wednesday last. No wonder she looked happy.

Principal Nelson is away in New Orleans on business. We are expecting him back this week. No doubt he will have a pleasant time looking at the great world's show there.

On Wednesday afternoon the first death among the pupils in several years occurred. It was that of little Joseph Archambault, of Oswego, N. Y. He has always been very weak in body and mind, so that he could not walk without help and could never learn a word.

Last Saturday afternoon, a party of young ladies from the Institution visited Utica.

GABRIEL.

NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, 18th Street near 5th Avenue. Holy Week Services on Sunday, March 29th, at the usual hours. Good Friday, April 3rd, at 6:30 and 10:30 a.m., and 7:45 p.m., except Saturday, when there will be no service in the evening. At the evening services there will be sermons by different clergymen to be interpreted for deaf-mutes. On Easter Day, April 5th, Holy Communion for deaf-mutes at 2:45 p.m.

Services in the signs, will be held (D. V.) as follows:—In Brooklyn, E. D., at Christ Church, Bedford Avenue, on Sunday, March 29th, at 2:30 p.m., to be followed by a session of the Bible Class. In New Haven, Ct., at St. Paul's Church, on Friday, March 27th, at 7:30 p.m. Those who are about to be confirmed are especially asked to attend this service. On Sunday, March 29th, 10:30 a.m., there will be confirmation at St. Paul's Church by Rt. Rev. John Williams, D. D., Bishop of Connecticut; it is expected that four of our people will be confirmed, and the entire service will be interpreted in the signs. An afternoon service will also be held in St. Paul's Church, New Haven, next Sunday at 3:30 p.m. All of our people of the city and vicinity are invited to attend these three sign services.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

A Lecture at the National Museum.

SCRAPS.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

An interesting lecture on the "Gesture language, sign-language and combined oral and sign methods of instruction," was delivered by President Gallaudet, in the lecture room of the National Museum, Saturday afternoon. Professor Fay interpreting to the students, for whom seats near the platform had been considerably reserved.

President Gallaudet having been introduced by Prof. Lester Ward, he opened his discourse with some observations on the Gesture language, which, according to Condillac, was the primitive means used for the communication of ideas. That there is a true language of Gestures he showed by history. According to the Roman orator, Quintilian, the language of the hands was a common time, common to all men, and during the time of Augustus, pantomime entertainments were very popular, and were participated in by the greatest actors. These entertainments continued down to the time of Charlemagne, being prohibited by that monarch, because they had become grossly indecent. The language of Gestures is still cultivated in many parts of Europe, and under peculiar circumstances is still resorted to. The doctor mentioned, as a case in point, the address in signs, which King Ferdinand delivered, at Naples, to the lazzaroni, whom, notwithstanding the noise and tumult, "He preached, threatened, admonished, forgave and finally dismissed, as fully persuaded and edified by the gesticulation of the royal Punch, as an American crowd might be by the eloquence of a Webster." He also mentioned several instances, where the language of Gestures had been utilized for the interchange of ideas by persons of different nativity, spoke of the extent to which it was used among the North American Indians, and then proceeded to discuss its utility and development as a means of communication among the deaf. There are five means for the communication of ideas, corresponding with the five senses. Of these, only visible expression can be used, to any great extent, among the deaf. Visible expression comprises gesticular and graphic, or written expression. Audible expression is also divided into two classes, articulate and inarticulate. Gesticular expression includes all devices for communicating information to the eye, which are not recorded. Graphic expression includes all marks intended for the communication of ideas, and which are of any degree permanent, and "is a way, though to embrace at one extreme the Duomo of Milan or Milton's noblest poem, and at the other, the cattle brand of a Texas cowboy or the blaze of a backwoodsman's axe in the primeval forest." All communication with the deaf is of necessity limited to gesticular or graphic means. Even where a deaf child is taught to comprehend speech by the motion of the lips, such motions are, to him, merely a form of gesticular expression. The sense of hearing is so necessary for the free use of articulate speech, "that, to the deaf, it can be no more, at its best, than what an artificial leg is to one who would walk or run or dance, serviceable, no doubt, far better than no leg at all—but never an equivalent for the missing member." Referring to the sentiment uttered by "a distinguished scientist and philanthropist that Nature by inflicting upon him but one defect—the loss of hearing—has been kind to the deaf child, but that man, by making him dumb, has been cruel. The doctor said that Nature had indeed been kind to the deaf, in that she has left him free to make use of such a natural and easy method of communication as the language of signs, and discussed some of the consequences that would result from the abolishment of signs in schools for the deaf. He claimed that the sign-language is more accurate and precise than the oral, because the meanings attached to words is almost wholly arbitrary, while nearly every gesture used in the sign-language suggests its own meaning; that it is only through the sign-language that deaf-mutes can enjoy or participate in lectures, sermons or debates; that, with slight exceptions, it is in all respects as complete a mode of expression as speech; that, as a medium for free and unconstrained social intercourse among the deaf, nothing can take its place; and that the unfavorable results in deaf-mute education, which have been charged to the use of signs, are to be attributed, in all cases, to their abuse by injudicious, incompetent, and inexperienced teachers.

In closing, the doctor gave a historical sketch of the sign, oral and combined methods of instruction, and some of his reasons for preferring the latter, and said that teaching to speak was not educating, for the most illiterate people are generally the most glib talkers; that speech is not, as Mr. Bell has asserted, an "instinctable" boon, and silence, even, is sometimes golden; and, finally, speaking of the teachers of the deaf, he said: "He must give his best work to those who need it most—he must labor in the spirit of the Great Master—caring little for brilliant results."

It is impossible to give more than the above salient points of the lecture, but it is to be hoped that Dr. Gallaudet will have it published in its entirety, and in such a form that it will be easily accessible to every deaf person who can read the English language. It is fashionable at present, even among deaf-mutes themselves, to cry down the sign language, as being far inferior to articulate speech, and this lecture would go far towards arousing an honest and healthy pride in what is, and always must be, the only natural and easy means of communication between persons of our class. The grace and completeness with which Professor Fay translated the discourse into signs, was a good illustration of the practical value of the system.

SCRAPS.

The managers of the Annapolis Naval Cadets' Baseball Club have taken old Father Time by the forelock, and are yanking him around pretty lively. The Kennalls have already received a challenge to play them early in April. As the ground is still covered with snow, and it is too cold to practice, the game will probably be postponed till later in the season.

Dr. Gallaudet was presented to President Cleveland by Senator Bayard a short time since. The President expressed the hope that he might be able to visit the college soon.

During the recent session, Congress appropriated sufficient money to erect new buildings for the Primary Department and a laboratory building for the college. The H. S. must go.

Prof. A. G. Ball is announced to lecture at the National Museum, on "How we talk," in a few weeks.

Davidson, of '85, took the Primary pupils on an imaginary trip through China, Friday evening.

Morrow, of '85, and Hyde, of '88, are the latest additions to the sick list.

The term examinations begin next Friday. GASTON.

Principal Young Speaks.

MR. EDITOR:—In your paper of March 5th, there is a communication written by some one calling himself "Little Tar Heel," which contains statements so entirely untrue that I feel it my duty to correct them. Speaking of the exhibition given before the Legislature, by the pupils of this Institution, he says, "Everything was performed with the Articulation Class, who showed up so well that the members of the Legislature condemned the trial of articulation in the school as a flat failure." I presume your correspondent must have been grossly ignorant of what he was writing about, or he would not have made the above statement; for I cannot believe that any one, however prejudiced, would knowingly make a statement, not only so wholly devoid of truth, but unjust and damaging to the class of which he speaks. He asserts that "everything was performed with the articulation class," by which I suppose he means that undue prominence was given to the two articulation classes, and that they occupied more of the time than they were fairly entitled to. Now every one who is present knows that this assertion is not correct, for these classes occupied only the places assigned them in the programme, which was arranged by the principal and teachers.

He also asserts that the members of the Legislature condemned the trial of articulation in the school as a flat failure. The truth is, the members of the Legislature did not take any official action at all in regard to articulation, but many of them, who attended the exhibition and witnessed the exercises of the classes taught by this method, expressed themselves as highly delighted, and felt so deeply interested that they visited the school rooms afterwards, and were much gratified with the progress made by the pupils in these classes; and so far as I have been able to ascertain, not a single one expressed his disapproval of this method, but on the contrary, it received the hearty approval of all; and the special committee appointed to investigate the affairs of the Institution, said to me that it was their wish that articulation should be continued and encouraged. I am happy to inform you that articulation lacks a great deal of being "a flat failure" in this Institution. It is growing in favor, not only with the Board of Trustees, who are determined that it should be continued, but with people from various parts of the state, who visit the Institution. The classes are taught by teachers thoroughly qualified, and eminently competent in every respect, and are making very satisfactory progress indeed.

My correspondent made in regard to Mr. Ray, is also incorrect. Mr. Ray did not send his resignation to the Board of Trustees. All that he did do was to say to me that if the Board asked for his resignation, he would authorize me to offer it. I don't know that he had any reason to believe that the Board would ask for it. They did not do so, and no action whatever was taken in regard to the matter.

He also misinformed you in regard to my health. I was confined to my room two or three days with a cold, but am happy to say to my friend that I have completely recovered, and am now enjoying perfect health again. I hope that before "Little Tar Heel" writes another letter to give information to the public about what is going on in this Institution, he will take the pains to inform himself, so that his statements may be more reliable.

Yours respectfully,

W. J. YOUNG.

RALEIGH, N. C., March 20, '85.

The Pennsylvania Association.

The Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Association of Deaf-Mutes held a meeting at the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, March 16th, 1885, at 9:30 p.m., Messrs. Syle, Callingsworth, Allabough, Breen and Ziegler being present.

Mr. Breen offered the following resolutions which were passed unanimously.

"WHEREAS, The Secretary [Mr. J. M. Koehler] has had the proceedings of the First and Second Conventions, and the Constitution and By-Laws printed, distributed and placed on sale.

"Resolved, That the Board approve of, and thank him for the manner in which he has performed this duty; and do hereby instruct him to make the price of the Proceedings fifteen cents to non-members and ten cents to members."

It will be seen that members, who may desire extra copies of the pamphlet, can obtain them at ten cents per copy. These copies can be obtained by addressing to either Mr. J. M. Koehler, P. O. Box 60, Scranton, Pa., or Mr. W. R. Callingsworth, 710 Tremont St., West Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Allabough, Chairman of the Executive Committee, reported that, in accordance with instructions from the Board, the Committee had nominated the following named gentlemen as Trustees of the Benevolent Fund:

Rev. Henry W. Syle, and Mr. Jacob M. Koehler, members of the Association, Mr. A. L. E. Crouter and Dr. Thomas MacIntire, Principals of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb respectively, and Rev. Francis J. Clerc, Phillipsburg, Pa. On motion, the nominations were unanimously confirmed. The Executive Committee recommended a certain amendment to M. J. T. Elwell's resolutions on the Gallaudet Memorial, which the Association, last August, referred to the Board, with power to act upon them.

President Syle offered the following amendment, which was carried unanimously:

"WHEREAS, Mr. J. T. Elwell, the member for Pennsylvania of the Executive Committee of the Association, asked, at the last convention of the Pennsylvania Association, the co-operation of the Pennsylvania Association in the plan of erecting a suitable memorial to Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, LL.D., at the National Deaf-Mute College, which request was referred to this Board.

"Resolved, That the Board heartily approves the project of such a memorial, and earnestly commends it to the favorable consideration and liberal contributions of the members of the Association and all others.

"Resolved, That while it is to be understood that the Board assume no responsibility for, or control of the enterprise, still it expresses the hope that at least \$200 may be raised in Pennsylvania towards the object.

"Resolved, That a Committee of five members of the Association be appointed, whose duty it shall be to advise and assist Mr. Elwell in the selection of agents, and in obtaining subscriptions; it being understood that all money collected by such Committee and agents shall be recorded in the name of the Pennsylvania Association; and that said Committee report to the Board from time to time."

In behalf of the Executive Committee of the lately dissolved "Deaf-Mute Catholic Literary Union, of Philadelphia," Mr. Breen read a letter and donated the association a sum of \$13.61. On motion, the generous donation was accepted, and a vote of thanks extended to the Committee.

See p. 106.

PHILADELPHIA, March 21, 1885.

ORANGE.

Ex-Supervisor William G. Bennett is visiting his parents at Northfield, N. J., where he will remain for two or three months. The Durham Iron Works, where he was employed, is going out of blast.

Ex-Sheriff Teed, who lives in Livingston, five miles from Orange, and whom Mr. John Bennett knows well, had a deaf and dumb housekeeper. She never had any school education, and yet her service was highly valued by Mrs. Teed. Once Mrs. Teed had a deaf and dumb girl living with her, and was preparing her for the Pennsylvania Institution, but one day she went with her on a visit. Mrs. Teed left her playing with the other children, and she went on the track and got killed. The fatal accident grieved her benefactor very much. Mrs. Teed is much in sympathy with deaf-mutes. Mr. John Bennett has done some jobs for Ex-Sheriff Teed often.

There was a very old, wide branched oak-tree, by which Mr. Bennett passed every day, when he was working at a carpenter's shop in West Orange. Under it General George Washington pitched a tent and had his dinner as he was retreating from New York. Then he went to Boonton, where cannon balls were made. There was an old house which was General Washington's headquarters. Mr. Jno. Bennett helped tear it down, and a splendid church was built on the same site.

Mr. Frank C. Lenox saw a one armed deaf-mute, named Mr. Hunter, selling manual alphabets around here.

The Misses Finn have become members of the bat trimmers' society, recently organized.

There is a semi-mute lady, named Mrs. Heald, living in Llewellyn Park, West Orange, but she never makes any signs. PANSY.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

At the Langham Hotel fire in Chicago last week, several persons were burned to death.

THE United States Supreme Court has affirmed the constitutionality of the Edmunds Anti-Polygamy Law.

MELVILLE BARRIETT, seven years old, was hanged at Scottsville, Va., by his cousin, Mary Cooper, aged eight years.

A NEGRO named Glass, charged with murder, fatally shot two officers who were endeavoring to arrest him in Indian Territory.

MISS CHARLOTTE COOPER, a daughter of J. Pauline Cooper, the novelist, died suddenly at Cooperstown, on Sunday morning, aged sixty-eight years.

SIR JULIUS BENDICHT, the English composer, is seriously ill with bronchitis, and his friends fear that he will not recover. He is eighty-one years of age.

CAPTAIN JAMES DALTON, a pioneer, aged fifty-seven, died at Montague, Mich., on Sunday of a cancer identical in nature with that now afflicting General Grant. Several operations failed to remove the seat of the disease.

THE spread of German colonization in Africa has seriously affected the wild-beast market. Elephants, lions, and leopards are now so freely imported to Europe as to bring only a quarter of the price they were formerly worth.

GENERAL BARRIOS, with 15,000 men, is marching against San Salvador, while President Zaldivar, of the latter State, is hurrying to oppose him with 10,000 men. Nicaragua and Costa Rica are pushing forward troops to aid Salvador.

THE steamer Michigan, so long ice-bound in Lake Michigan, got into open water last Thursday morning, and while the crew were endeavoring to bring her out of the icefields, she was struck by a floe and a hole was crushed in her port side, and she soon foundered. The crew escaped.

NOTWITHSTANDING the assurance given that there is no probability of war between England and Russia, active preparations are going on on both sides. The Russian soldiers are concentrating in the vicinity of Herat, which is regarded as a menace to English interests in Afghanistan.

THE new Post-office of Paris, which has been in course of construction during the last five years, is now nearly completed, at a cost of about 17,000,000fr. At present there remains only the arrangement of the material and the furniture, for which a credit of 846,000fr. has been asked of the Chamber of Deputies.

GENERAL GRANT remains in about the same condition as for the previous two days. Yesterday, while feeling anxious to go out doors, he was yet unable to do any work on his book. Taking the matter into full consideration the present state of his disease points to a gradual sinking of strength and a falling in the will of the veteran upon whom just now the eyes of the nation are turned with sympathy.

On Monday, the President sent to the Senate the following nominations:—To be Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary of the United States:—Edward J. Phelps, of Vermont, to Great Britain; Robert M. McLane, of Maryland, to France; George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, to Germany; Henry R. Jackson, of Georgia, to Mexico. The Senate in executive session immediately confirmed the nominations.

THE valor with which the women of Saragossa aided in the defense of their city against the French still lives in the hearts of Spaniards. Two thousand wives and maidens of Madrid have shown what great things can yet be accomplished by the women of Castile, in holding a tobacco factory against the armed forces of the town—military and civil authorities. The women, by means of the furniture and machinery of the factory, the cause of this outbreak was the introduction of machinery into the factory. The women employed there, knowing the excellence of their own handwork, resented this attempt to lower the quality of the cloth.

THE eighty-eighth anniversary of the birth of Emperor William was observed on Sunday last with enthusiasm and rejoicing. The streets of

COLORADO.

And Once Again.

A Bunch of Pointers About Prospecting on the mountains, for the benefit of the Journal Readers.

Special Correspondence.

MR. EDITOR:—It was in my thoughts not to write this month, but the omission would leave such a void as you might find difficulty in filling. Hence it is simply regard for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL that prompts this letter. The paper has been friendly to me. By the way, I wish the JOURNAL would not have so much to say about the Boston Society matter. What is the use of keeping it up? Everybody knows that it is no account to read. The parties concerned therein should have it settled at once by mutual arbitration. Of course, it is none of my business to make any expression on the controversy; but think how utterly nonsensical it is.

Dear "Mr. Spy," accept our—well, you know. The Honorable B. B. Baird is at present in Louisville, where he is coining nickels and dimes.

Miss Abbie Skinner has left Loveland. Her "fellar" alone knows where she resides nowadays.

There is a trail on Gray's Peak, at the height of 14,700 feet, called "Dummy Pass." It was first crossed by Messrs. Martindale and Simmons. Principal Dudley, of Colorado Springs, was in town on business a short time ago, and looked wonderfully improved in health since he left the "Blue Grass" state. He is reputed to be in every sense of the word a straightforward professor with common sense views on all questions, and will, we are sure, make a success of the institution.

The latest item from Empire is that Miss Minnie M. Green won easily in the horseback race. It is said she played sad havoc with the hearts of the gentlemen present. Well, congratulations are now in order.

Mr. Louis Huff is coming back again to Denver from the east. It is rumored that he will not return alone. *Nous verrons.*

Mrs. D. Stotts, of Freeland, is sojourning at the Springs for a little while. Her husband is a miner by occupation.

F. F. Tinelli, a Spanish mule arrested for horse stealing at Trinidad, is in jail awaiting trial, which will come off next month. He stands a first class chance of getting about five years' free board and lodging at the penitentiary in Canon City.

"Mercury," "Solid Muldoon" desires to extend the right hand of friendship as well as congratulations to the Anderson Literary Society upon their new "starch factory." Won't you ascertain whether or not the charitable Vance, of Newport, Ky., would be willing to try and use his widely known influence in obtaining for S. M. the job of sawing wood in the back yard? Entire satisfaction will be guaranteed. Until the millennium comes, Address No. 1175 Hollywood Street, Denver, Col.

Orange Kennedy and wife, nee Miss Emma Cox, are happily domiciled on the old Ute reservation. Orange is among the best farmers and stock raisers in that locality.

Glenn E. Lathrop, late of Sprague, Washington Territory, who came here several days ago, has accepted a position in a prominent printing house on Curtis Street. Mr. Lathrop appears like a fine young man, and we are glad he has concluded to cast his lot among us.

D's account of roller skating at the Worcester Levee was quite fine. But Colorado takes the whole bakery for having in its midst an acrobatic mule skater. His name is Sam Lewis, of Pueblo. He can throw somersaults backward and forward, handstands, shouldersprings, head ducks, splits, etc. He is the acknowledged champion of that city.

In last week's issue of the *Register Call* of Central City, it had this to say: "A deaf and dumb vendor of soap and boot-blacking got funny yesterday morning, and went into Oppenheimer's saloon and proceeded to make havoc among the furniture, and also drew a large horse pistol on the occupants. He was honored with an escort of police."

Now look at the above. Once more, we insist on having it clearly understood that all the deaf-mute peddlers, with no exception, must go to the rock pile and handle picks and shovels. From our heart and soul, we hate their infamous mode of imposing the public.

John Beaton, a promising young miner of Silverton, contemplates a trip to Silver City, New Mexico. By the artistic eye he casts on cooking stoves, bed-room furniture, etc., it means more than the furnishing of a room for a single gent. "Air wee correct?"

A party, calling himself Fred Metzger, of Toledo, O., has written to learn what the chances are to open a day-school for mutes would be in Denver for a strictly moral young man, who neither drank, chewed nor smoked. Through the JOURNAL, we will casually remark in reply that we cannot say, having never seen such a curiosity in the State. Besides, it will be 100 years hence before such school is needed here.

Mr. J. C. Simmons, of Montezuma, Col., is in the city on a short visit, blossoming out in a plug hat, a new

suit of clothes, a gold watch and chain, a huge diamond pin. Also he wears a great ulster, literally lined with greenbacks, and not a bill of a less denomination than \$10. He has been around the mountains all his life, and as we have known him for some years, there is no mute in the world more intimately and thoroughly acquainted with the ins and outs of prospecting and mining than Mr. Simmons, in our estimation. Thinking it would be of interest to the numerous readers of the JOURNAL, we cheerfully write up the interview which took place last evening with Mr. Simmons, commencing:

"I've just got a letter from a mute tenderfoot of St. Louis, who wants to come out here and prospect for mines."

"Well, why don't you let him come and ramble through the gulches, and climb the rugged peaks of our ranges? Tenderfeet make the best of prospectors, don't they?"

"Now, I will give you some pointers, if you'll only put it in the JOURNAL in good shape, so that my foot friend back in St. Louis can read it."

"All right, go ahead."

"Well, this fellow writes that times are dull there, and they are cutting wages down. He is a shoemaker, and so he says he'll quit, come out here, find a rich mine, and go back there and sell it."

"What's wrong about that? Ain't he as liable to find a good mine as any body?"

"No, it is all wrong. No body finds a mine. It takes money, and lots of it, to change the best kind of a good prospect into a paying mine."

"Oh, your friend don't mean a mine—he means a prospect."

"Perhaps he does, but it takes money to prospect, and he is in luck if he has money enough to pay his fare to Denver."

"I guess he has got more money than that, or he would not think of coming so far to a strange country and an equally strange business."

"No, you are off your base. Lots of fellers come out here every summer, knowing nothing about prospecting or mining, and land without money enough to buy grub for a burro."

"I thought burros did not require feeding."

"That is so, but they don't grow pack saddles on, and cinch ropes and sacks hanging to 'em. A feller can't mine with his fingers, and live on mountain scenery and trout in streams ten miles or more from where he has got to look for prospect, if he wants to find any. You are aware that the biggest part of the gold, silver, copper and lead, mined in this State, comes off the mountains, not out of nice, smooth and level places. What soft soaps were lying around loose, like have already been corroded by the fellers who, through years of actual experience, learned their value; and now, as a rule, new ground means new ground, and that is on the mountains, and in out-of-the-way places."

"Yes, but that don't prevent tenderfoot from discovering them."

"Guess you never see tenderfeet prospecting?"

"Tell us how they do it."

"Can't only mention them in a general way, it would take too long, but commonly, the fellers who are staked by their friends have a mighty good time fooling around, and if they find any thing, it is by downright nigger luck. Lots of times, they have told me that they wouldn't climb the mountain for all the wealth in it. But if one is spunky or tough enough to do it, he couldn't tell pay from country rock, because he ain't had the experience. I showed a feller some of the richest specimens I ever saw, and he said: 'why, that don't look like silver,' and he looked disgusted like."

"Then you would discourage tenderfoot from entering upon mining prospect work, we suppose?"

"Oh, no, for I would encourage them, because I believe mining and prospecting properly attended to is the best business a man can follow, but he has got to have right notions about it. To prospect right, a man has got to regard it as a business that he has got to learn, and if he ain't got the money to spend learning as a boss, he wants to hire out as a hand and learn it that way. Also he ought to be able to test in a general way the rock he finds, to guess pretty close whether it will pay or not, and this he can't learn in a day or in one season. This the St. Louis feller can't or won't understand, and some of them smart city fellers are as much out of place on a rich mineral mountain as I would be behind a shoe lasting machine."

"Jack, we haven't patience to discuss the subject, therefore we drop it; but shall we tell your friend to come out to learn prospecting any way?"

"Not much; if he has got folks depending on him, he had better stay there. I would no more think of advising that than I would take his advice to come to make a living in a shoe factory or working on a farm. Well, good bye, pal. I'd rather prospect than be any thing else on the earth."

Enough for the present.

Yours fraternally,
SOLID MULDOON.

DENVER, COL., 3-14-'85.

REV. MR. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Mar. 29.—Chicago and Michigan City.

" 30.—Grand Rapids, Mich.

" 31.—Kalamazoo, Mich.

Apr. 3.—Cleveland, O.

" 5.—Indianapolis, Ind.

" 6.—Kenton, O.

" 12.—Detroit, Mich.

" 13.—Marshall, Mich.

" 14.—Jackson, Mich.

" 15.—Flint, Mich.

" 19.—Cleveland, O.

Cincinnati News.

Mrs. F. Smithson is down with paralysis, and grave thoughts are being entertained as to her recovery. However, we hope she will regain her health.

F. Everhart received a sudden and unexpected summons, calling him home to the couch of a sick child. He works here, but his family lives in Akron, O.

Miss Lillie Wolley, the country belle, was in the city a short time since and took in Harris Museum. In forcing her way through the living mass she lost her fine watch. Moral: "Don't parade jewelry in a crowd."

Jesse Hoagland, a skillful printer of about twenty years experience, broke down with consumption and lead poison. His physician advises him to throw up his "sit" and seek the health-giving rays of the sun, which may build up his wasted health to some extent. This is sad, but we hope he will take consolation from the fact that "those whom God loves he chasteneth." As every cloud has its silvery lining, we hope better days may soon dawn.

DIED.—At his residence in Covington, Ky., Mr. William Hoagland, of pneumonia, in his seventy-ninth year. He was one of the early pupils when the Kentucky Institution was in its infancy. He got a fair education, and after leaving school he worked on his farm near Lexington, Ky, his birthplace, and afterward entered upon the mercantile business which he carried on until extreme feebleness and old age compelled him to give it up. Since that, he has been living in Covington until the 12th inst., when he was called away to the mystic future—to regions of supernal bliss. What was mortal of him was buried in Linden Grove Cemetery Saturday afternoon. He left a large circle of friends to mourn his departure, but as he was a good Christian and died a peaceful and easy death, they don't sorrow as those that are without hope. His wife, who is also very old, will soon follow him.

F. C.

Baltimore.

On the 19th instant, Miss Clara Sterne, a deaf-mute of this city, aged fifteen years, living with her mother on Amity Street, was sitting in front of a stove at nine o'clock in the morning, when her clothing caught fire, and in a moment she was enveloped in flames. She ran into the street, wildly waving her hands and uttering cries of agony. Her clothing was torn from her by those who saw her before her person was seriously injured. It is thought that the flames were not inhaled, and that she will recover. The above named mute has another deaf-mute sister, Rosa, and both received their education at the Maryland School for Deaf and Dumb, Frederick City, Md. They left a year or two ago.

The Secretary was going down the street one evening when he saw a gentleman and lady colliding with an electric pole. Thinking some injury may have been produced, he ran over to afford assistance, and found out all were so fortunate as to escape. They turned out to be deaf-mutes and old friends of the Secretary.

Several days ago, another calamity befell one of our friends, Mr. Jas. Wells, principal teacher of the Colored School for the Deaf-Mutes, on Saratoga Street, in this city. It was the death of mother, in New York City. Mr. Wells was summoned by telegraph. It proved a great shock to him. Mr. Wells, accept the sympathies of all your Baltimore friends.

Messrs. Knoechel, McElroy and the Secretary, had a very pleasant time a couple of days ago, by taking a walk around the country surrounding this city.

Miss Pauline Strahle is still in this city.

Miss Henrietta Wicks seems to be the leading belle in the deaf-mute society in this city.

Miss Everhart has a very suitable place, and is earning fine wages. Wish her much success.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Amoss's little boy, who had a very severe cold, has recovered from that attack and is as lively as ever.

Mr. John A. Buxton and Adolphus Fantum, "How did you enjoy yourselves at the inauguration?" We boys were pleased to see you all. Your friend, Capt. John Smith, reached the city all right."

Mr. McElroy thinks of lecturing next Wednesday. So does Mr. Knoechel. Their subjects have not been given out yet.

The roller-rinks which used to be in this city were done by Col. Bond and his almost deserted now.

Mr. Breen, of Philadelphia, our boys who are acquainted with you, wish you warm congratulations and much success in your future life.

Cold to day, but expect no skating.

More anon.

SECY PEARBODY L. A.

Brick Building Fund of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

BULLETIN NO. 21.

Mar. 1st, Thomas Godfrey, (subscription)	50
" " Miss Lizzie Drick, "	3 20
" " Miss Joseph Waggle, "	3 00
" 7th, Albert Guggenheimer, "	5 00
" 9th, Miss E. V. Reed, "	6 90
" 17th, Stephen Sinclair, "	2 00
" 22d, Miss G. Soudberg, "	5 00
The fund now amounts to \$1,106.75.	

CLEMENT R. THOMSON,
22 East 21 St., N. Y.
Secretary and Treasurer.

The Guild of Silent Workers meets in the Sunday school of St. Ann's Church on the 31st of this month. All are respectfully invited to attend.

Seranton.

Mr. Dow Mischolm, of Nova Scotia, a deaf-mute, gentlemanly in manners, who was recently in this city, collecting money for the benefit of the Halifax Institution, stopped at the St. James Hotel here. He paid for two days' board, and then went away without paying for the two other remaining days.

Peter Decker, the well known tourist, has left his former place as a coachman for Dr. Arthur, and got a free-pass on the P. & R. R. R. for Philadelphia, where he staid for a few days and then came back, but did not stay here long, ere he went away to Elmira, N. Y.

Miss Dougherty, of the Pennsylvania Institution, was called home from school a few weeks ago, on account of the death of her father.

Mr. Robbins, of Prompton, Pa., was in town last week, visiting his relatives and friends.

A three round boxing match was fought at Clark's Police Gazette Gymnasium by Pat. Early and Pat. Judge, both deaf-mutes, which was declared a draw, on the 18th inst.

Mr. Eisele is doing all he can to get rich at his old trade, while Mr. Morris is enjoying a week's vacation, humming away his leisure hours at his cigar stand.

A bill was passed by the legislature last February, giving to this city forty five thousand eight hundred dollars, for the erection of a school for the instruction of articulation to the deaf and dumb, to be under the management by Miss Garrett.

Wm. Barge was in Wilkesbarre and Ashley last week, and at Wilkesbarre, he concluded to have a good sketch taken of the shop where "James Williams" regins supreme and mends old shoes. His bill heads read: "James Williams, manufacturer and dealer in boots and shoes." He also saw Miss Price in the horse car, going from Ashley to Wilkesbarre; but she did not see him.

Miss McDonnell has left her home for Philadelphia, where she will work for the "sisters."

Mr. McDonough was seen wearing the emblem of a shamrock on his coat in honor of St. Patrick, last week.

The Association will have three rooms to themselves, when the Young Men's Christian Association gets a building of its own.

There is an old, uneducated deaf-mute in Dunmore, who is married to a blind woman and has one child.

W. B.

North Carolina.

MR. E. A. HODGSON:—We regret that "Little Tar Heel" did not take the trouble to inform himself correctly as to "the members of the Legislature condemning the trial of articulation in the school as a flat failure." We never heard of any member expressing himself to that effect.

The articulation classes were not the only ones represented at the exhibition as he believed, since he taught by the manual method as had their representatives. There were more exercises in sign making and writing than in articulating. We, deaf-mutes, would do well not to shut our eyes to the fact that some of the deaf-mutes can be educated by the articulation method with about as much success as by the other. The only question is how many of them can be so educated with such success as will justify the expense of time and labor. We ought not to exhibit some of the dog in the manger spirit with reference to those whom experience has proved capable of learning to talk and read on the lip. It is not for us to judge of the practicability of the new method. It may be true some of our articulation pupils do not seem to promise well. Time will show the wisdom of transferring them to the sign class.

We think it a mistake that Prof. Ray was "accused for attempting to seize the principalship of the Institution."

There was an attempt in the Legislature to change the personnel of the Board of Trustees. We do not know who were at the bottom of the agitation for the change. It led to an unusual investigation into the management of the Institution. Some of the trustees looked upon it as a reflection on them and expressed themselves in such a manner as to lead Prof. Ray to think that they connected him with the movement. He sent them a statement denying such connection, and said he would tender his resignation if they were not satisfied with his statement. We believe they were satisfied.

The measles epidemic struck down many of the pupils that it broke up the school. The changes in the weather were so trying that we have much cause to rejoice that all have recovered. Our physician and matron were equal to the ordeal, and carried all safely through. We heard of many deaths from this disease complicated with pneumonia in the country. Last Wednesday, we had a great surprise in the shape of the "beautiful" nearly a foot deep. Even the "oldest inhabitant" was surprised. Fortunately our fruit trees are not out yet, though they blossomed nearly a month before this time last season.

ANOTHER TAR HEEL.

Mr. J. M. Koehler's Appointments.

DIOCESE OF CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

Mar. 29. Towanda and Orwell.

Subscribe for the JOURNAL.

ST. LOUIS.

Church services by Rev. A. W. Mann.

THE DEAF-MUTE CLUB'S BUSINESS POW-WOW

Odds and Ends.

(From our St. Louis Correspondent.)

We never possessed enough "check" to think that any of the JOURNAL's numerous readers cared a continental to peruse (much less admire) the "slush" we have been in the habit of inflicting on them, so we were considerably surprised during several months past to receive a number of kin' epistles from mutes who have seen our "homely mug," entreating us to stir our lazy bones and write "early and often," as it did them good to read the our "stuff." One old friend asserted that reading our squibs knocked a bad case of rheumatism out of his bones, but that is too hard for any one to swallow. However, we will make a desperate effort hereafter to send the JOURNAL a regularly weekly budget, though when deaf-mutes items are scarce we will have to fall back on our old and beloved subject—B-A-S-E-B-A-L-L.

Rev. A. W. Mann honored this benighted town with one of his always welcome visits two weeks ago, and on Sunday, March 8th, gave his usual morning service to his regular communicants, but as to how large the attendance was then, "Jim Jams" can't say, as at that time we were snoring at a mile a minute rate to recuperate our exhausted energies from the struggle we had with Sammy Perlmutter the previous evening. Just let some one ask Sam how he felt? This is wandering away from our regular business, so we will come back to the point. At 3 p.m., Sunday afternoon, Rev. Mann gave the mutes assembled in Christ's Church, one of the most interesting of the many good services he has held here. He spoke earnestly to the mutes of the valuable time they were frittering away in pleasures of the world without giving hardly a thought to the maker of all things, and urged such of them as were thinking of joining the church to do so at once. It is to be hoped that his appeal to the mutes has not been in vain, and that he may gather at least a few into the fold next time he comes here. The attendance at the afternoon service was exceptionally large, and there was a larger number of St. Louis ladies present than have been seen at church for a long time.

Captain Albert Kohlmetz went over the river last week to the wilderness around near Caneen Creek for the purpose of slaughtering all the wild ducks in that region, but said to relate, after carrying his howitzer over twenty odd miles of ground between here and there, Albert did not even get a smell nor even a feather of a duck for his hard work; and feels—well, it would be better to order a coffin before asking him about the trip.

Sterling Price O'Bannon, of Iron-ton, Mo., was in the city for a few days last week, on business (so he said), but we wonder if a certain blue eyed girl in the south end of town was the "business" he attended to. Sterling is a shoemaker, and his wages were pretty good considering the hard times, and he expects, in the sweet by and by—that's enough.

J. J. Smith says that squib referring to him in the "Itemizer" columns was a wicked fabrication of his pal, and says he don't see how he can come back with his pockets full of coin when he always gets rid of his loose change in twenty-four hours after he gets it, no matter what the amount may be. Also, Jack says he is afraid to leave St. Louis, for fear that during his absence some other young gent might waltz off with his lovely girl—as for the latter thing, Jack need not fear, all the boys being disposed to let his dear girl severely alone.

"Solid Muldoon" hit the nail right on the head in referring to the Hon. Edward Beetle. If ever there was a "bum," Hon. Edward is the king pin of all. We are not awful afraid to say so, though the Hon. Edward has sworn a terrible oath a hundred times to have our heart's blood and also that of some few other St. Louis mutes, though he shows great discretion in keeping out of the way of the mutes aforesaid. We will soon write up an interesting sketch of the Honorable Edward and his doings, when the right time comes, and it's almost here.

The *Advance's* St. Louis Eli Perkins says, in a recent letter, we are engaged to a country lass, and the knot is to be tied next winter. That's too good, indeed, and sweet William must have been hard up for news when he penned the fable. Jim Jams does not feel any great yearning to enter the ranks of the Benedicks just yet, and as for being engaged, we never thought of it, the idea of paying undivided attention to only one fair lady do not suit Jim Jams, as we wander wherever we please; the chances are, Willie will be raising a family before he ever sees us settle down.

Kerry Patch and a few other cranky mute guessers tried for the \$100 prize the Post *Dispatch*, of this city, offered to the person who could guess the nearest as to whom President Cleveland's cabinet would be. Kerry Patch came tolerably near, getting five names

out of seven, but a hearing gent guessed six correct and carried off the "plum," much to poor Kerry Patch's disgust, and he is continually telling every one of what a delightful time, he would have had "painting the town red," and of the magnificent suit he would have got to excite the envy of the other boys. 'Tis always thus, and Kerry Patch would feel a heap better if he hadn't come so near.

John Gill is cheerfully acknowledged by every body as being the worst guesser they ever knew of. John's guesses as to the cabinet officers would make a mule grin himself to death.

Henry Dreckenhoener is in luck, having been lately made foreman of the horse collar shop where he has been employed a couple years. This is a very good thing for him indeed, there being several older men working with him who were thought to have the best chance for the place. The wages are sufficient for Henry to wed, but he don't manifest a desire to do so.

Our only mute upholsterer, J. H. Wolf, after a long spell of hard luck, has succeeded in securing a good job, and says he will hang on to it for all he is worth, just to please his sweet girl, and to hasten the happy day when no more apart they will dwell.

The Deaf-Mute Club held a fully attended business meeting Saturday, March 14th, with President Campbell in the chair for the first time in several meetings. The committee on the ball reported a little over \$20 profit, and the expenses were \$101, so the club pulled out very well—though we believe had the shadow entertainment been left out, the expenses would have been considerably less and the profit proportionately larger. E. J. McNamara, a former member, was admitted to the bosom of the club. The Committee to look over the treasurer's quarterly report said everything was square. J. C. McQuown (lately treasurer) sent in his resignation, and on motion of J. J. Smith, H. P. Lamb, who has been acting treasurer, was elected treasurer by acclamation, but he was too much surprised to express his thanks for the honor—the first time any one caught that young man napping. Charles Wolff was allowed to resign honorably as a member, on payment of back dues, the club taking back its original resolution dropping him. After that, the club adjourned, and so will we till next time.

JIM JAMS.

March 20, 1885.

BOSTON.

On Wednesday evening, March 18th, at eight o'clock, Mr. A. W. Orcutt opened the mass-meeting with an address expressing his pride of the Boston mutes, owing to their rapid improvement and ability in the Parliamentary rules. He said that he hoped they would continue to the end, so they may not be responsible in the future for a bad name to the New England Gallaudet Association from unparliamentary usage.

The report of the Select Committee, in honor of Mr. Holmes, came in order, with Mr. Geo. C. Sawyer in the chair. Mr. A. W. Orcutt (Chairman), reported that the Committee was to meet on the following Friday for the first time, but Mr. Frank Clark and Miss Belle Plagg desired the withdrawal of their names, on account of domestic affairs, causing their inability to attend to the business. The report was accepted. Mr. Young was chosen by vote to fill the place of Mr. Clark, and a motion was passed to reduce the number of the Committee to four. The members are as follows:—Messrs. A. W. Orcutt (Chairman), John Magee, Fred W. Wood, and Young.

Mr. E. W. Frisbee (Chairman), A. W. Orcutt, in the chair, reported that the Select Committee of seven had prepared a Constitution and By-Laws of a literary and charitable society, to be called the Boston Silent Association. His report was accepted. The Constitution and By-Laws are not adopted yet.

Some business, which is, for some reasons, withheld from the public, came up.

After this, Mr. Geo. A. Holmes took the floor, and asked that the Committee of five in his honor be dissolved. Amidst a very hearty applause, which lasted many seconds, by the whole audience, including the leading petitioners against him, he left the platform, and his request was laid on the table until the next meeting, and Mr. Orcutt declared the meeting adjourned until further notice, at thirty-five after ten p.m.

Mr. J. O. David held Sunday services yesterday, March 22d.

Prof. G. O. Fay, of Hartford, Conn., will preach next Sabbath, March 29th.

The Bible Class and Prayer meeting are more largely attended than heretofore.

HUB.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I saw this week a very handsome card issued from the house of Arms & Co., Philadelphia. It is about 6 X 9 in size: at the left is a bouquet, in the centre a medallion (for name); in the right corner below it is a cut of the college buildings at Kendall Green. Above, in the centre of outer border is a cut of the American Asylum. Outside this centre piece, beginning in the left upper corner, runs the manual alphabet from A to Z, all around the picture. The hand is beautiful, flesh tinted. All is printed in colors, and when the College buildings are reversed, as they will be soon, the card will be a gem of its kind, intended as a reward card, or a souvenir. But I suppose you have seen it.

J. C. B.

A couple of letters, crowded out this week, will appear in our next.—Ed. JOURNAL.

FANWOOD.

The Peet Literary Society and the
"Hour of Triumph."

DO STRIKES IMPROVE THE CONDITION OF THE LABORING CLASS?

(From our New York Correspondent.)

In the north-east corner of the school-building on the fourth floor is situated the High Class office, in which the members of the Peet Literary Society hold their meetings, and aside from all business transactions devote on subjects in a literary point of view. The society is not yet in the third year of existence. At its organization, its roll called included the total members of the class, and launched out with fine prospects and a good purpose in view. Their object was: 1st, to honor their benefactor, in whose name the association is called; 2d, to improve themselves literarily, socially and otherwise; and, 3d, to restore the respect and honor of the class, which was fast degenerating. Thus far, they have succeeded in their purpose admirably, but during the last school-term nearly one-half of the members, whose narrow-mindedness failed to see the importance of such an organization, tendered their resignation, leaving in the balance the intelligence of the class. The seven remaining members, supported by a good will and determination still continue holding their meetings, without regard to the present distracting circumstances, and last Friday evening Mr. J. C. Miller lectured before the handful of members and an equal number of unoccupied desks, on "The Hour of Triumph." The lecturer went, to a certain degree, to show how men, governed by perseverance and a determination, surmount all obstacles. Dr. Peet, taking an interest in the society, and desiring to see how it was managed, said his expectations were more than realized, and suggested that the society elect to their number those pupils from the other classes whose intelligent bearing and good standing would help strengthen the society.

Prof. Thomas F. Fox opened the meeting of the Fanwood Literary Association last Saturday evening, by announcing a debate on the question: "Do strikes improve the condition of the laboring classes?" It was handled ably by four members of the High Class. Messrs. W. H. Rose and W. H. Fossimire, made the audience feel the necessity of going on a strike for higher wages, while Messrs. Stanley Robinson and Seymour A. Berry tried in vain to obliterate their remarks by showing the evils resulting from them. The judges, Messrs. George Decker, Frankie Hawkins and your humble scribe, struck for the door, behind which the points were impartially reviewed and decided in favor of the affirmative side. They returned and submitted the verdict accordingly.

William F. Durian was the reader of the occasion.

SPLINTERS.

William Teed, who was around here last fall collecting money for the St. John School, turned up again Monday last.

The members of the Peet Literary Society will hereafter take turns, in alphabetical order, to entertain the pupils with stories every Sunday evening. Ulysses G. Dunn led with a story entitled "Vice-Versa," and attracted quite a crowd last Sunday.

Francis Neuber made T. F. Fox a call Friday.

The Board of Education met Friday last. While Prof. Gange was at the 59th Roller Skating Rink a few days ago, he met a richly dressed colored gentleman, who spelt on his fingers that he was from North Carolina, had been connected with the Raleigh, N. C. Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and had taken care of Richard E. Bull during his sickness there. Mr. Bull was a mute supervisor of Fanwood, and had died in the North Carolina Institution, to which place he went to recuperate his shattered health.

Mr. Meason, one of Frank Leslie's most skillful artists, says there is a mute engraver for the paper, and recommends the business as a very remunerative one for mutes, as little talking is required.

Well now, the proposed Alumni Association is booming, and each graduate is having his say in print. We think it exceedingly kind of Mr. Thomson and Mr. Fox to volunteer their assistance so readily.

Miss Hattie Trout, ex-housekeeper, is keeping house for a private family in Staunton, Virginia.

Jumping the rope and spinning tops are indulged in to some extent by the boys at present.

Last Friday evening, Mrs. Henry got several girls under her care and sewed five hundred Easter hymn books which were printed in the printing office. It is needless to say the work was performed in first class style.

Little Fred Knox is learning caneing under the charge of Mr. Intemann in the carpenter shop. Last Saturday he went to his home in Brooklyn and spent the day caneing all the broken chairs to the surprise and pleasure of his parents. This is best an instance of benefit the pupils receive from the many trades taught at the Institution.

Nearly all the officers signed their names approving of the busy completion of the new cable railroad on 10th Ave., last Monday.

Robert E. Maynard went to see Jumbo and Jo-Jo, the dog faced boy, Friday last.

The Fanwood Base Ball Club is talking of getting new base ball uniforms.

We are told that several of the boys are going to Niblo's Garden to see the "Bandit King" played, Saturday next. The persons who took rooms in Patrick Conroy's house, tried to escape with non-payment of rent, but Patrick had his eyes open and got hold of them.

Mrs. Carol has been transferred from the Art department to the educational department.

T. F. Fox took a subscription for the pedestal of the Bartholdi Statue Tuesday, amounting to the neat sum of over ten dollars.

The many friends of Miss Ella Dillingham were delighted with her visit Tuesday and Wednesday last.

J. B. Lloyd tendered his resignation as captain of the venerable High Class Boat, on account of other engagements which will necessarily occupy the greater part of his attention during the summer months. Wm. F. Durian was promoted from 1st mate to Captain, J. C. Miller from 2d mate to 1st mate, and U. G. Dunn was elected to take Miller's place. This arrangement will be satisfactory for the management of "Evangeline" and crew. She will be launched in April for use until the new boat is procured.

AQUILA.

Genius Dissatisfied.

Mozart once tried to play a difficult piece of music before an audience at sight, and failed. Mendelssohn used to play the most difficult works without a book, and his admirers asserted that he could perform a perfect piece of music out of his head. But he was too conscientious to claim such a power of extemporization. "How did you ever achieve all this?" asked a listener, on hearing him play several of his own compositions without the score.

"I lived like a hermit and worked like a horse," answered the musician, too honest to affect an excellence that cost him nothing.

The man who stands on the highest peak is the most ready to confess that he has come up step by step, climbing with both hands and feet. Only he who rests on a hillock, speaks of having "run up merely to stretch my limbs, you know."

Now and then there is found a man of unquestioned ability who is a victim of the silly affectation which would appear to succeed without labor. We have heard of a smart student whose recitations were the talk of the college. Yet he was a seldom seen reading a text-book, and was always ready to play, talk, or stroll. His classmates were proud to be associated with a "genius," who knew Euclid, as Newton did, by intuition, and could read the classics at sight as Porson used to. But one night an accident exposed the "genius." Some sky-larking students broke into his room, thinking to find him in bed. They found him under the bed, studying by a shaded lamp. The curtains were down, and every precaution had been taken to prevent the light of the midnight oil from shining too far. The idol was toppled off its pedestal, and the angry worshippers gnashed their teeth at the "genius" who worked in the darkness that he might shine in the light.

A great man's standard is always higher than himself, and he labors harder to satisfy himself than to please his audience. Ruskin's critics have written bitter things against his thoughts and style. But not one of them has approached the severity with which this modern prophet criticizes himself in the reissue of the second volume of his "Modern Painters."

Thorwaldsen, the Dane, is reputed to be the greatest sculptor since the days that the genius of Greece ceased to express itself. One day, a gentleman called upon the sculptor, and found him glowing with energy, modelling a statue.

"I have an idea," said Thorwaldsen. "I have a work in my head which will be worthy to live. I worked all last evening, till at my usual hour I went to bed. But my idea would not let me rest."

"I was forced to get up. I struck a light and worked for three hours, after which I again went to bed. But again I could not rest; again I was forced to get up, and have been working ever since. If I can but execute my idea, it will be a glorious statue."

The statue—Mercury drawing his sword just after he has played Argus to sleep—was said to be the finest creation of this great sculptor. Yet he himself did not think it came up to the work he had in his head.

The man of genius is severe on his own execution, because his conception of the idea transcends his power of expressing it. But man who has nothing but talent views with satisfaction what he has done—there is little difficulty in expressing his ideas.

The great composer, or sculptor, or painter, or orator is alarmed when he discovers that he is satisfied with his execution. He looks upon the feeling as a symptom that his genius is waning, and will no longer suggest to him ideas beyond his power to express.

"Has anything distressed you?" asked a friend, finding Thorwaldsen one day in low spirits.

"Yes," replied the sculptor, in a mournful tone.

"My genius is decaying."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the astonished friend.

"Why," answered Thorwaldsen, his face growing sadder, "here's my statue of Christ; it is the first of my works that I have ever felt satisfied with. Till now my idea has always been far beyond what I could execute. But it is no longer so. I shall never have a great idea again."

And he never did.

The author who is as much pleased with the reading of his book as he was with its composition, is losing his ability to think broadly and to write clearly. The ascending poet turns from his poem because it is but the shadow of what stood before his mind.

Discontent is both the burden and the stimulant of genius. The open vision never finds forms, or color, or words adequate to express it.

"God alone," says Julius Hare, "could look down on His creation, and behold that all was very good."

Lord Bacon, making a devotional use of this contrast, prays:

"Thou, after thou didst turn to behold the works which thy hands had made, saw that all were very good, and didst rest."

"But man, turning to the works which our own have made, sees there altogether vanity and vexation of spirit, and cannot rest."

"Wherefore, if we labor in thy works, make us to share in thy vision and in thy rest!"

A Woman's Whims.

THE Empress Josephine had 600,000 francs for personal expenses; but this sum was not sufficient, and her debts increased to an appalling degree. Notwithstanding the riches of her husband, she could never submit to either order or etiquette in her private life. She rose at nine o'clock. Her toilet consumed much time, and she lavished unwearied efforts on the preservation and embellishment of her person. She changed her linen three times a day, and never wore any stockings that were not new. Huge baskets were brought to her containing different dresses, shawls, and hats. From these she selected her costume for the day. She possessed between three hundred and four hundred shawls, and always wore one in the morning, which she draped about her shoulders with unequalled grace. She purchased all that were brought to her, no matter at what price. The evening toilet was as careful as that of the morning; then she appeared with flowers, pearls, or precious stones in her hair. The smallest assembly was always an occasion for her to order a new costume, in spite of the hoards of dresses in the various palaces. Bonaparte was irritated by these expenditures; he would fly into a passion, and his wife would weep and promise to be more prudent; after which she would go on in the same way. It is almost incredible that this passion for dress should have exhausted itself. After the divorce she arrayed herself with the same care, even when she saw no one. She died covered with ribbons and pale rose-colored stain—Bertrand's Memoirs.

Precautions in Taking Stimulants.

Never take stimulants in moments of exhaustion. That is precisely the time and state when there is especial peril of discharging the last remains of energy and leaving the nervous centres too exhausted and powerless to recuperate. There is in nervous action, as in mechanical motion, a dead point at which inertia becomes imminent. 2. Never take more of a stimulant than will suffice to stir the energies gently. If you want to incite a horse to action, you must not whip him more than will suffice to rouse him. If more than this be done strength will be exhausted by irritation. 3. Never forget that stimulants are excitants, and only when they facilitate recuperation—i. e., to the formation of new reserves of strength—as well as to the consumption of the strength in hand, can they be useful or even safe. 4. Never persist in the use of stimulants for the alleviation of feelings of mental or muscular weakness or weariness, if the relief obtained is followed by "depression of spirits," "coldness of the feet," or prostration, either by mind or body; because when those consequences ensue after a temporary revival of tone and power, it is manifest that the recuperative faculty is either not properly stimulated or is itself exhausted, and harm instead of good is being done by the stimulation.—Good Words.

A MEXICAN traveler received the following lesson in etiquette from a young lady of the country: "I saw you eating an orange on the depot platform," she said. "In Mexico that would be considered unmanly. There it is unmanly to eat anything outside of a house, even candy. And I noticed when Mr. Romero gave you a Mexican match you threw it away after using one end of it. The other was still serviceable, and you should have returned the match with your thanks. If you hand one a cigar or a cigarette to light with, you must take a whiff after it has been returned to you, though it may be so short as to burn your fingers."

Dr. Spitzka says the popular delusion, that the human eye has an influence over insane people similar to that claimed for the same organ over wild animals, is one that is often ridiculed by the insane themselves. He adds that whoever attempts to utilize the notion will recognize its absurdity promptly.

A Marked Youth.

So, there lived in the interior of New York a boy, the son of a farmer, who also worked at the trade of a potter. The boy was a marked youth because he would do with might whatever he undertook. He was a leader in the ordinary sports of boyhood, and whenever the farm or the pottery relaxed their hold upon him, he would be found repairing some damaged article, or devising a new implement.

His father was poor; the farm was small and could only be enlarged by clearing up the primeval forest. The boy was anxious to acquire knowledge, but his services were so necessary to his father that he could not be spared to attend the winter term of the common school.

But the boy was in earnest. With the aid of this brother, one year his junior, he chopped and cleared four acres of birch and maple wood land, ploughed it, planted it with corn, harvested the crops, and asked; as his compensation, to be allowed to attend school during the winter. Of course, the father granted his wish.

When the boy was seventeen, the father's pottery business had so increased as to demand a more extensive factory. A carpenter was hired to build a new building, and the boy assisted him.

So familiar did he become with the tools and the trade, that he determined with the aid of the younger brother, to erect a two-story frame dwelling house for his father's family. The two boys cut the timber from the forest, planned and framed the structure, and then invited the neighbors to assist at the "raising." They came from far and near to see what a lad of seventeen had done. When every mortise and tenon was found to stand perfect and secure, the veterans cheered the young architect and builder.

From that day he was in demand as a master carpenter.

That boy was Ezra Cornell, the founder of Cornell University.

Seest thou a man delight in his business? he shall stand before Kings he shall not stand before obscure men."

The meaning of this old proverb is that the man who has done well in little things shall be advanced so that he shall not waste himself on work to which obscure men are adequate. Ezra Cornell illustrated the truth of the Oriental saying.

A Pitiful Scene.

A pitiful story comes to us of a scene in a police station, where a rough, tangle-haired woman, who had been arrested, had fought like a fury, and stormed at the officers in three languages, was followed up a few hours later by a little tot of a girl who looked from one officer to another, and asked them if they had put her mother in jail. She was so little that a policeman had helped her up the stairs, but here she was in search of her mother; the degraded woman found her voice and called to her. So they swung open the door and let her in, and the little thing asked her mother, who had shrunk back ashamed: "Why, mother, are you in jail?" Then the baby dropped upon her knees on the stone floor, and began to pray: "Now I lay me down to sleep, and I hope my mother will be let out of jail." There were tears among those rough men at the sound of that innocent voice; and when the case was brought into court the judge whispered to the woman to go home and try to be a better mother. It was drink that was the trouble.—Signal.

Captain John Ericsson is at work investigating studies in solar physics, one practical result of which has been the construction of a working appliance for the actuation of machinery by the use of heat derived from collected solar rays.

What is the difference between a drink of whisky and a drunk? One is set up and the other is upset.

FESTIVAL.

The Festival to be held at Salem, April 1st, will be held in Hardy Hall, 11 Washington Street, instead of Hale's Block, as stated in a previous issue of the JOURNAL.

Many new views will be added to the collection for the Magic Lantern Exhibition, which will be under the charge of Mr. Hardy P. Chapman.

Hardy Hall will be open at seven o'clock, but as many will probably be in Salem early, the Society room (No. 6) 233 Essex Street, will be open during the afternoon for their convenience.

A slight change is made in the price of supper tickets, which will be 50 cents instead of 75 cents.

Admission,	25 Cts.
for children of 12 and under,	15 Cts.
Supper,	50 Cts.
Supper for children of 12 and under,	25 Cts.

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DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column, an ALPHABETICAL ORDER of a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send its card. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Tuttle Building, 198 Grand Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Burling, President; Edward McConville, First Vice-President; Jacob Swartz, Second Vice-President; Charles E. Green, Secretary; J. P. Jams, Treasurer; S. B. Smith, Sergeant-at-Arms. Secretary's address is 63 Lee Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Theo. Grady; Vice-President, Martin Aronson; Corresponding Secretary, S. Schlamm, and Recording Secretary, Wm. Winslow. Divine services, first and third Sundays, alternate at 11 A.M. Educational classes, Tuesday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to Deaf-Mute Branch, Young Men's Christian Association, No. 232 8th St., San Francisco, Cal.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 P.M., in the Catholic Building, St. Francis Xavier, 30 West 16th Street. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Wednesday. Lectures every third Wednesday. Strangers and deaf-mutes are cordially invited. J. Francis O'Brien, President. All communications should be addressed to W. J. Reilly, Corresponding Secretary, 174 Cherry Street, New York City.

CINCINNATI ANDERSON SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at Pendry Hall, 192 W. 6th Street, first and third Saturday in each month, at 8:30 P.M. Ardine Rembeck, President, 19 W. 3d St.; and Orie Vance, Secretary. Secretary's P. O. address is 201 W. Seventh St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

CLERIC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Cleric Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the Parish Building (2nd floor), St. Stephen's P. E. Church, 10th St. above Chestnut St. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and 1st Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of members. George Silfer is President, and Abraham L. Manning Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1022 Sarah St., Philadelphia, Pa.

GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Thomas Brown, President; Almon Smith, Treasurer, and Willie E. White, Secretary. Rev. Samuel Rowe, of West Boxford, Mass., is the missionary appointed by this mission to preach the Gospel to deaf-mutes in this State for the present.

PASA-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pasa-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago mutes effected with the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and moral amusement to its members and friends. Its motto is, Pasa-Pas—"step by step." Regular meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month at eight o'clock in the evening, in Ladies' Parlor, third floor, Young Men's Christian Association Building, 148 E. Madison Street. Visitors from out of town are ever welcome. The club is officered as follows: President, Geo. T. Dougherty; Vice-President, Chas. Angle; Secretary, C. Colby; Treasurer, Charles Watson. Address President or Secretary Pasa-Pas Club, care Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago.

ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meeting at the St. Louis Young Men's Christian Association, on 11th and Locust Sts. Regular business meeting on the second Saturday in each month, for business only. The purposes of the club are principally of a social nature, but the literary advancements of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be addressed by the President from time to time, and all are welcomed on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day and make themselves at home. Officers: President, W. F. Campbell; Vice-President, T. Rowe; Treasurer, Hugh Lamb; Secretary, William Stafford; Sergeant-at-Arms, Henry McManley. Address, President or Secretary at 1427 Clark St., St. Louis, Mo.

THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

The Deaf-Mute Christian Mission holds its annual meeting every two years in February. Its object is as follows: To encourage the formation of union societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities, and to interest all friends of humanity and christianity in their behalf. To assist in giving extra services to such local union societies who are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves. Its officers are as follows: P. W. W. Packard, President; James J. Burbank, Secretary, and John T. Tillinghast, Treasurer. Geo. B. Keniston and W. Bailey, Executive Committee of two.

THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEW YORK CITY.

The Manhattan Literary Association meets on Tuesday evening at 8 P.M., in the basement of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, West 18th St., near 5th Avenue. Its regular business meetings are held every first Thursday of each month, debate every second, and lecture every third. Its object is to improve the moral, intellectual, and social welfare of its members. All communications relating to the Association should be sent to the Secretary, Chas. J. Le Clercq, No. 336 West 41st Street, New York City.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now officered by John T. Tillinghast, New Bedford, Mass., President; Ocar Kuisman, Vice-President; Philo W. Packard, Treasurer; John F. Donnelly, Secretary. State Managers: H. P. Hunt for Maine; J. E. Livingston, New Hampshire; Robert B. Livingston, Connecticut; P. C. Davis, Massachusetts; A. A. Maclean, Vermont, and Levi A. Lester, Rhode Island. It is to meet in 1886. Address the Secretary, P. O. socket, R. I.

THE NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTES LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEWARK.

Meets every week, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Rector Street Chapel, in Rector Street near Park Street. The officers of the Association are: President, Daniel J. Ward; Vice-President, Walter McDougal; 2d Vice-President, Thomas R. Stewart; Treasurer, William Essinger; Clerical Secretary, John Ward. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, John Ward, Jr., 388 Market St., Newark, N. J.

(DIRECTORY—CONTINUED.)

THE PEABODY LITERARY CLUB, OF BALTIMORE.

The Peabody Literary Club meets every Wednesday night at 8 o'clock